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COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

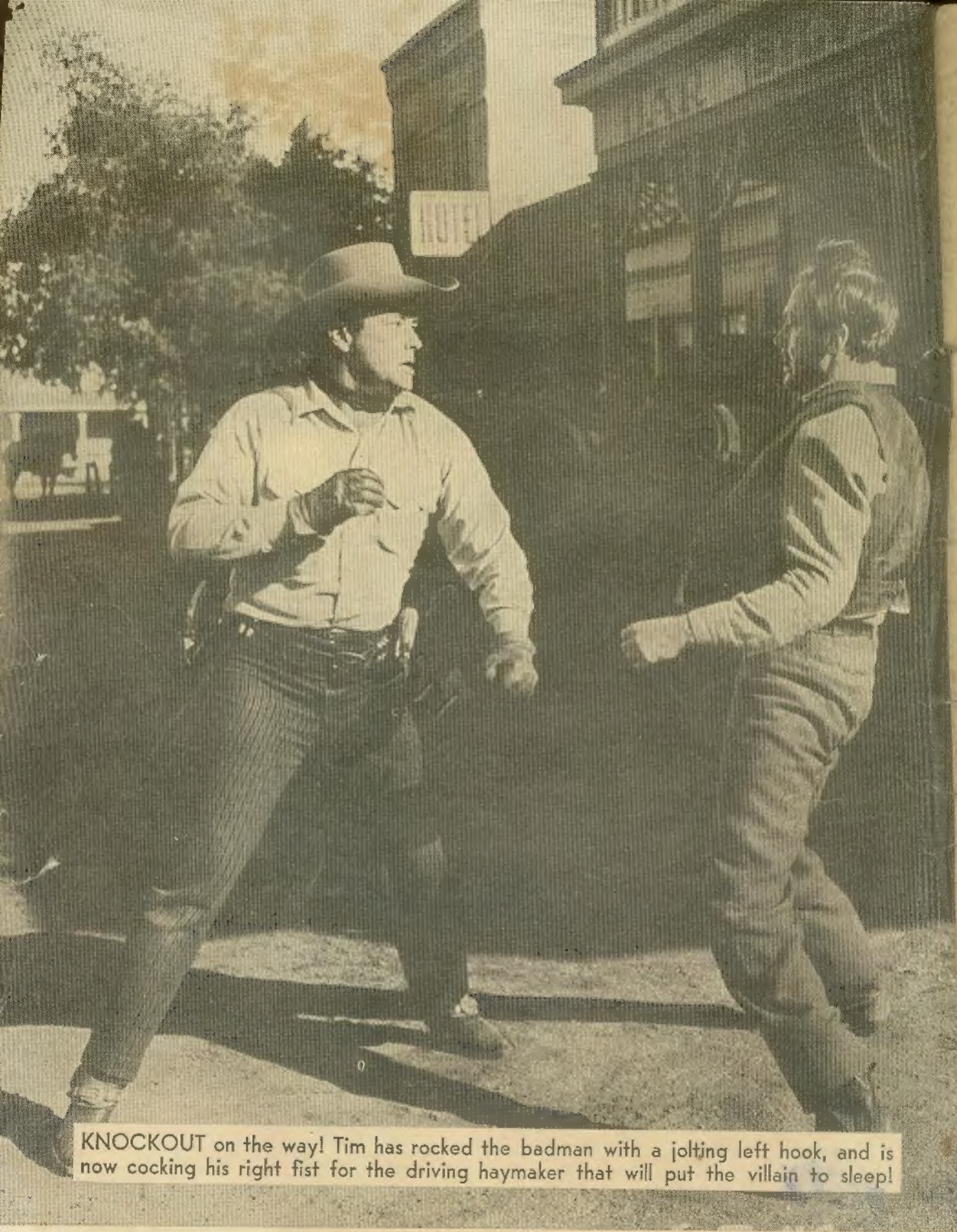
TIM HOLT

No. 15

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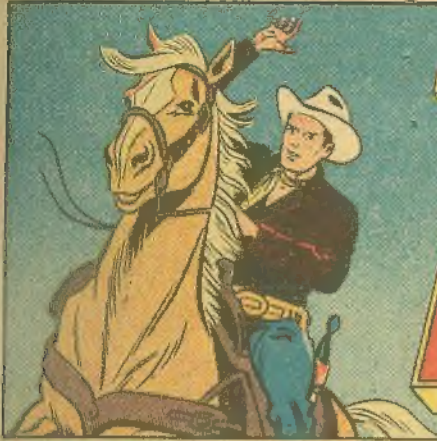
In this issue
Complete Story
of
THE GHOST RIDER



KNOCKOUT on the way! Tim has rocked the badman with a jolting left hook, and is now cocking his right fist for the driving haymaker that will put the villain to sleep!

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TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

WHEN THE SLASHER AND HIS GUN-TOTING PALS CUT DOWN SLOW RUNNER, THE PAWNEE BRAVE, IN DARK MILE PASS, THEY SET FIRE TO THE FIERCE AND SAVAGE TEMPER OF HIS TRIBE. BLACK WAR PAINT IS SMEARED ON FACE AND CHEST! BOWS ARE STRUNG! ARROW-HEADS ARE SHARPENED!

OUT OF THE FURY THAT WAS TO BREED A BLOODY SAVAGE INDIAN WAR SWEEPS TIM HOLT ON THE GOLDEN STALLION, LIGHTNING—ONE MAN ALONE AGAINST A NATION, RIDING A—
"WHITE MAN'S WAR TRAIL!"



FRANK BOLLE

A CRY GURGLES IN SLOW RUNNER'S MOUTH AS A FOREARM TIGHTENS LIKE A STEEL BAND AROUND HIS THROAT. A RIFLE LIFTS AND COMES DOWN SAVAGELY...



ARRRGH!

IF THIS WON'T START AN INJUN WAR—NOTHIN' WILL!



BLAMM!

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, A SMALL PARTY OF PAWNEE BRAVES FIND THE DEAD BODY OF SLOW RUNNER. GRIMLY HE IS CARRIED TO THE BUFFALO SKIN LODGES OF THE TRIBE...

NO SCALP TAKEN! WHITE MAN KILL HIM!

WHITE MAN BREAK PEACE!

NOW PAWNEES TAKE WAR TRAIL-- KILL WHITE MAN!



THE WILD YELP OF DANCERS MAKE THE NIGHT-HIDEOUS AS STRONG HANDS SMEAR ON THE WAR PAINT...

WHITE MAN'S SCALPS WILL HANG FROM OUR LODGE POLES!

WHITE MEN NOW WILL DIE! THE PEACE IS OVER!



WITH YELPS AND SHRILL CRIES, THEIR HEELS DRUM INTO THEIR PONIES' SIDES! BEHIND THE BLACK PAINT, HARD EYES GLINT WITH THE LUST TO KILL... TO SCALP!

Yiii-Yiii-Yiii!

Aii-Ai-Ai!

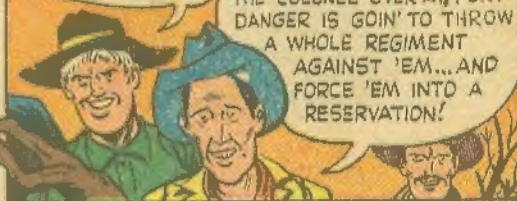


AND IN THE ROCK LEDGES HIGH ABOVE THEM, THE SLASHER AND JOHNNY REB SPEAK GLIBLY...



THERE THEY GO, JOHNNY! HUH! THEY'RE OUT FOR BEAR! BY THORNY THEY'RE WORKED UP!

ALL THE BETTER WHEN THEY START RAIDIN' AN' LIFTIN' SCALPS, THE COLONEL OVER AT FORT DANGER IS GOIN' TO THROW A WHOLE REGIMENT AGAINST 'EM... AND FORCE 'EM INTO A RESERVATION!



AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES AWAY AT THE FRYING PAN RANCH...

TIM! MAMMA! HERE'S TIM!

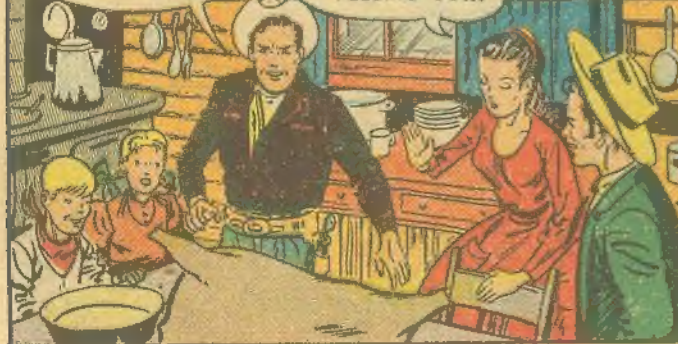
AND CHITO! DID YOU BRING ME THE CANDY, CHITO?

EES OF COURSE!



NOT ONLY CANDY, BUT A SIDE OF BEEF! RECKON YOU AND THE CHILDREN WON'T GO HUNGRY, MRS. BAXTER!

YOU'RE GOOD TO US, TIM. HELPING TO KEEP OUR RANCH IN REPAIR UNTIL THAT MONEY COMES THROUGH FROM MY HUSBAND'S ESTATE... FEEDING US...



INJUNS!



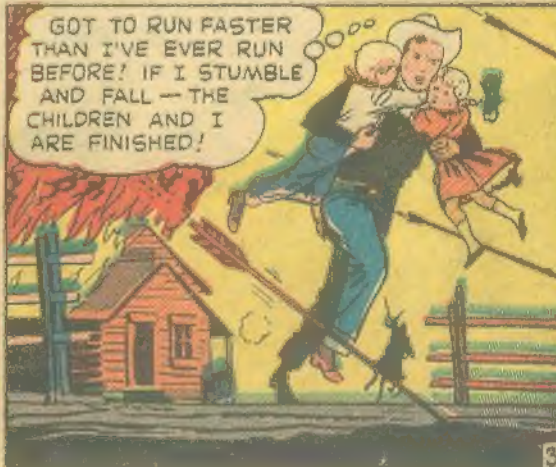
TIM HOLT



WHOOPING AND YELLING, THE PAWNEES POUR A FLOOD OF ARROWS FROM THEIR TWANGING BOWSTRINGS

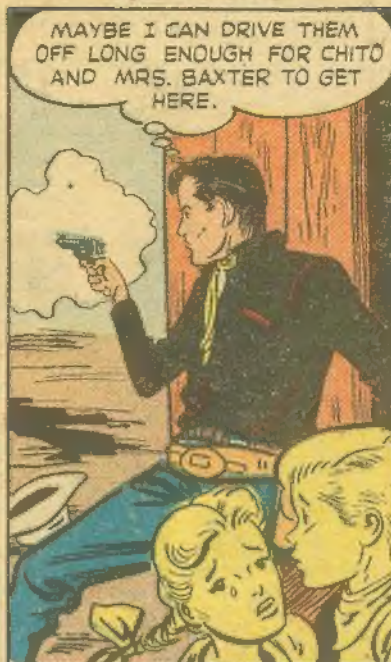


AS THE ACRID SMELL OF GUNPOWDER FILLS THE RANCH HOUSE, TIM CALLS OUT SHARPLY...



GOT TO RUN FASTER THAN I'VE EVER RUN BEFORE! IF I STUMBLE AND FALL - THE CHILDREN AND I ARE FINISHED!

TIM HOLT



A VICIOUSLY SWUNG WARCLUB
CRASHES DOWN ON CHITO—
SENDS HIM TO THE GROUND!



TIM HOLT



UNKNOWN TO TIM, THE PAWNEE BRAVES HAVE MADE THEIR REPORT, AND THEIR INFLAMMATORY WORDS AROUSE THE ANGER OF WATCHES-THE-SKY, PAWNEE CHIEF...



UNAWARE THAT PAWNEE RIFLES AND ARROWS WAIT FOR HIM, TIM HEADS UP INTO THE TIMBER BELT...



THE ARROW WHISTLES IN THE AIR—AND TIM PITCHES HELPLESSLY FROM THE SADDLE!



SILENTLY THE GREAT BOW BENDS. FOR AN INSTANT, THE ARROW IS DRAWN TO ITS DEEPEST LENGTH—THEN RELEASED!



TIM HOLT



HIM HAVE GOOD SCALP!
RED DEER HANG SCALP
ON POLE BEFORE HIS LODGE!



YOUR ARROW HIT THE
HONDA HOLDING THE
TIE-STRINGS OF MY
SOMBRERO, PAWNEE!
IT DEFLECTED IT
JUST ENOUGH...

YOU—
STILL
ALIVE?!



ALIVE — AND
FULL OF
FIGHT!

GNHYVAAH!



ULKKKI!

I NEVER THOUGHT
THE DAY WOULD
COME WHEN AN
INDIAN'S CLOTHES
WOULD LOOK SO
GOOD TO ME...



RECKON I'LL NEED THIS COSTUME
TO GET INTO THAT PAWNEE VILLAGE
...IF WATCHES-THE-SKY HAS GUARDS
COVERING ALL APPROACHES TO IT.
HUH...WONDER WHAT CHITO'D
SAY IF HE COULD SEE ME NOW?

BLANKET WRAPPED ABOUT HIM, TIM SEEMS JUST ANOTHER
WARRIOR AS HE PACES PAST THE COOKING POTS AND SHIELD
POLES...



IF I CAN GET INSIDE
THE CHIEF'S TIPI, I'LL
HAVE HALF A CHANCE...

AS HE ENTERS, TIM'S EYES SQUINT
IN THE SMOKY AIR OF THE TIPI—
THEN WIDEN IN ALARM...



COME IN,
WHITE MAN!

TIM HOLT

RED DEER WOULD NEVER COME IN WITHOUT A MAN BEING SENT TO REPLACE HIM! WHAT DO YOU WANT OF WATCHES-IN-THE-SKY?

I WANT—
PEACE!



TIM SPEAKS SWIFTLY, HURRIEDLY, HOPING HIS URGENT REASONS WILL CHANGE THE GRIM, HARD FEATURES OF THE PAWNEE CHIEFTAIN...

IT WAS BAD WHITE MEN WHO KILLED SLOW RUNNER. THOSE BAD WHITE MEN WILL BE CAUGHT AND PUNISHED! BUT YOU MUST BRING YOUR YOUNG MEN OFF THE WAR TRAIL—OR THE ARMY WILL TAKE THE FIELD AGAINST YOU AND FORCE YOU INTO A RESERVATION!



IT IS AS YOU SAY! YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A FRIEND OF PAWNEE, TIM HOLT. I WILL CALL MY YOUNG MEN BACK—FOR ONE WEEK! BUT YOU MUST FIND THE BAD WHITE MEN IN THAT TIME!

I WILL! MY
WORD
ON IT!



LATER THAT DAY, TOWARD EVENING, ON THE SPOT WHERE SLOW RUNNER WAS KILLED...



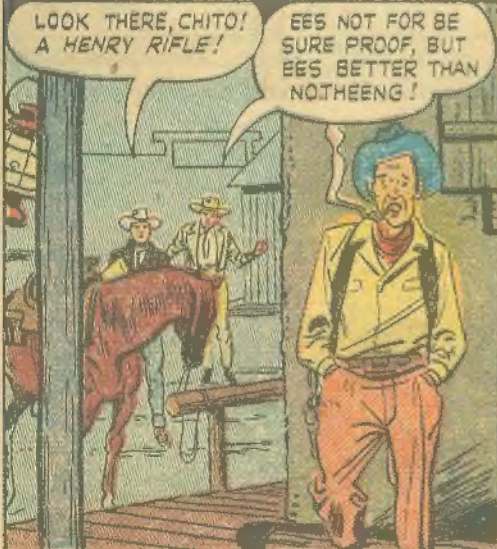
A SHELL FROM A HENRY RIFLE! HMMM...THOSE GUNS ARE A MITE OUT OF DATE AROUND THESE PARTS. OUGHTN'T TO BE TOO HARD TO FIND A MAN WHO USES ONE.



FOR HOURS, TIM AND CHITO WALK THE PARADE GROUND AND LIVING QUARTERS OF FORT DANGER. FINALLY—

LOOK THERE, CHITO! A HENRY RIFLE!

EES NOT FOR BE SURE PROOF, BUT EES BETTER THAN NOTHEENG!



WHAT'S THEM RANNIE'S DOIN' WITH THE SLASHER'S GUN? HUH! WONDER IF THEY'RE U.S. MARSHALS—AN' HEV TUMBLED TO WHAT WE'RE TRYIN' TO DO?



THOSE ARE THE HOMBRES, SLASHER! WHAT'RE YUH AIMIN' TO DO?

MARSHALS OR NOT—I AIN'T GETTIN' SPOOKED. DEAD MEN CAN'T TALK—AN' THEY'LL BE DEAD AFORE THE SUN RISES TOMORROW! LET'S RIDE!



TIM HOLT

THAT NIGHT, AS TIM AND CHITO — UNAWARE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN SPIED UPON AND TRAILED — DOZE LIGHTLY BESIDE A SMOULDERING FIRE...

THERE THEY ARE!
GUN 'EM DOWN!

DON'T GIVE
'EM A
CHANCE!



WAKING TO THE THUNDER OF SIXGUNS, TIM AND CHITO DIVE WILDLY ACROSS THE FIRE —

NO CHANCE
TO GRAB A
GUN!

I AM TO FEEL-
ING THEE BULLETS
ALREADY IN ME, TIM!



AIDED BY THE GLARE OF THE FIRE, PLACED AT THEIR BACKS BY THEIR WILD LEAP, THEY GRAB FOR THEIR MOUNTS BLINDLY...

NOW — BACK AT THEM
BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER
FROM THEIR SURPRISE!



OVER THEY
GO,
CHITO!



I WANTED TO GET CLOSER
TO OUR GUNS — BUT THIS
PARFLECHE BAG WILL
HAVE TO DO!



THEY AIN'T GOT
NO SIXGUNS, BOYS!
THIS IS GOIN' TO BE
LIKE SHOOTIN' SITTING
BIRDS!

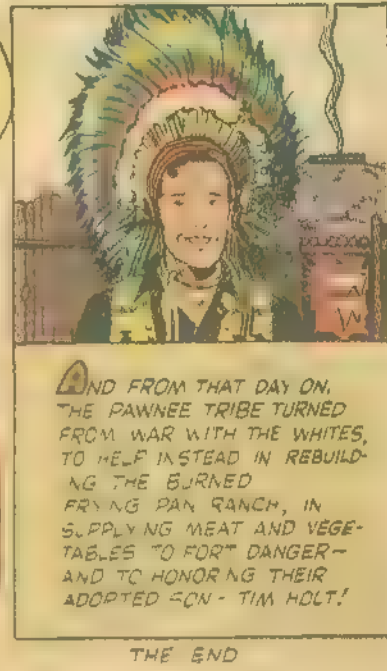


THEES EES LAST
TIME WE ARE FOR RIDE
TOGETHER, TIM! THEY
CATCH US EASY, NOW!

MAYBE! BUT
I'VE A LITTLE
TRICK UP MY
SLEEVE, CHITO...



TIM HOLT



THE END

TIM HOLT

the GHOST RIDER

A WHITE FORM STREAKING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT. / A THUD OF HOOFES IN THE EERIE STILLNESS. / A SCREAM OF TERROR FROM A GUNMAN'S THROAT, A MOAN OF FRIGHT FROM A ROBBER'S LIPS — **THE GHOST RIDER** ROAMS THE WASTELANDS.

AND WHERE THE WHITE WARRIOR RIDES — EVIL DIES. / EVEN THE EVIL OF THE RED RENEGADES WHO FOUGHT UNDER THE WHITE MAN WHO BETRAYED HIS OWN PEOPLE DIES BEFORE THE DREAD
"TERROR OF THE NIGHT.!"



DICK AYERS

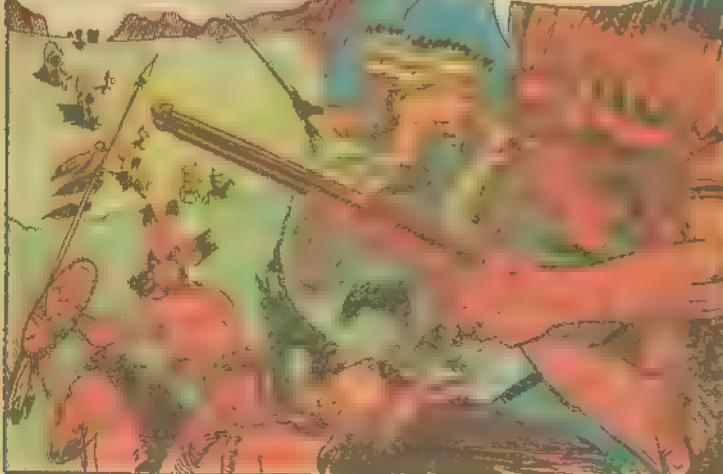
AS A WAGON TRAIN CRAWLS BETWEEN THE SAND HILLS SOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER, HEADING TOWARD SANTA FE, FEATHERED WAR BONNETS DANCE IN THE BREEZE AS A RED THROAT WHOOPS DEFIANCE.

KIA! KIA!

AIELLLLLAAA!

A BOWSTRING TWANGS. / A HENRY RIFLE CRACKS VICIOUSLY. A MAN SCREAMS AS HE FALLS FROM THE LEAD WAGON...

AAAAGGGHHH!



TIM HOLT

FEDERAL MARSHAL REX FURY LEAPS TO THE LEAD HORSES, TRIES TO SWING THEM AROUND...



NO TIME! THEY'RE ON TOP OF US - EVERYWHERE! ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE TOLD WHEN TO STRIKE!



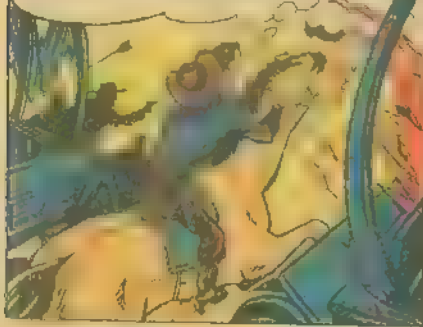
MARSHAL REX FURY'S HANDS DROP AND LEFT AS HE SWINGS UP ON TO THE INDIAN PONY. HIS THUMBS RELEASE HEAVY HAMMERS



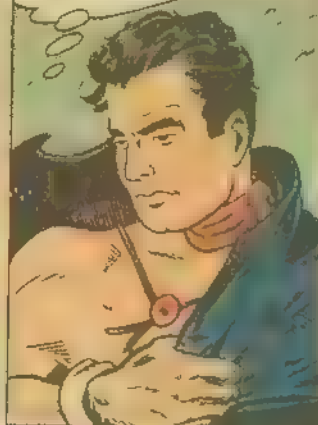
TIM HOLT

AS THE RENEGADE CHEYENNES WITHDRAW, REX FURY DRIVES TOES INTO HIS MOUNT'S RIBS...

THE CHIEF MARSHAL SENT ME ON THIS WAGON TRIP TO FIND OUT WHY THE REDMEN HAVE BEEN ATTACKING THE WAGONS ROLLING ALONG THE SANTA FE TRAIL. WE SUSPECT A WHITE MAN IS LEADING THEM... AND I HAVE TO GET HIM!



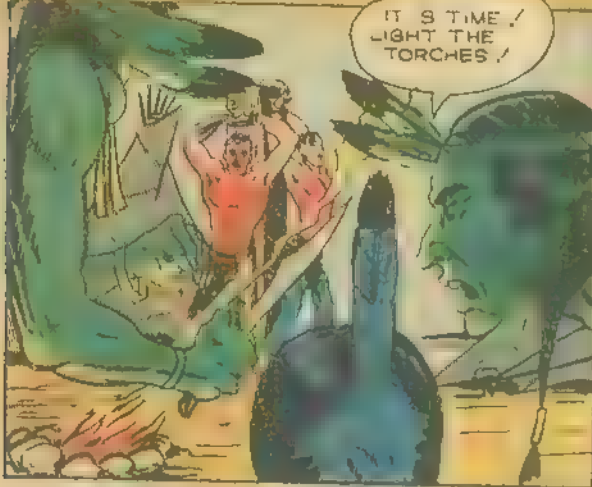
BUT I'LL NEVER ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING AS REX FURY. IT'S ALMOST NIGHTFALL - AND TIME FOR THE GHOST RIDER TO MAKE HIS APPEARANCE.



AND, SECONDS LATER...



IN THE RENEGADES' VILLAGE, CAMPFIRES CAST A RED GLOW ACROSS THE BOUND BODIES OF TWO HELPLESS WHITE MEN...



IT'S TIME!
LIGHT THE
TORCHES!

YOU BE A TIA!
TEST THEIR COURAGE!
TEST THE STRENGTH
OF THE WHITE ENEMY!
S'AA TA!



WAVING LIGHTED TORCHES, KEEN KNIVES AND SHARP AXES, THE RENEGADES SWEEP DOWN ON THEIR VICTIMS WITH GUTTURAL SHOUTS!

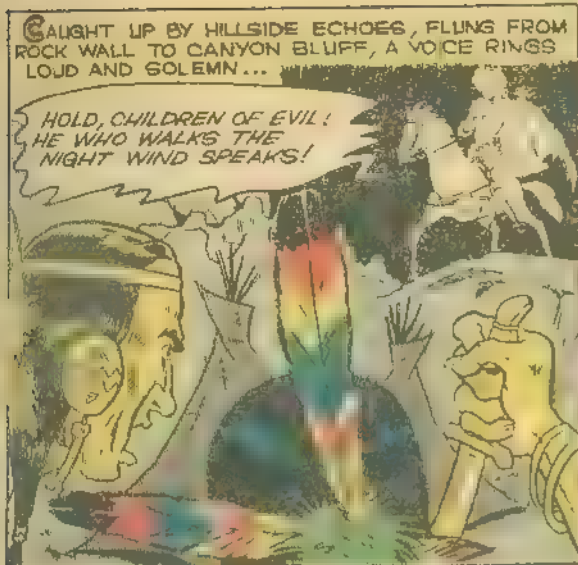
KEEP YOUR CHIN HIGH, ABE. THIS IS GOIN' TO BE AWFUL... BUT IT CAN'T LAST FOREVER!

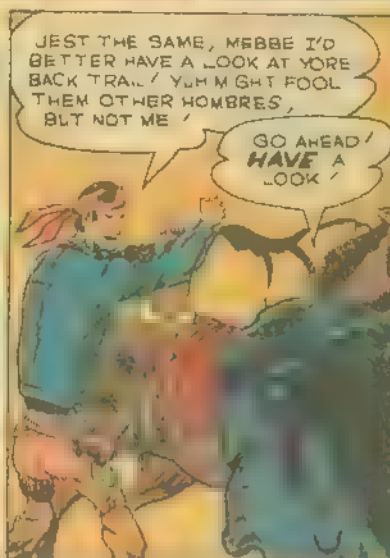
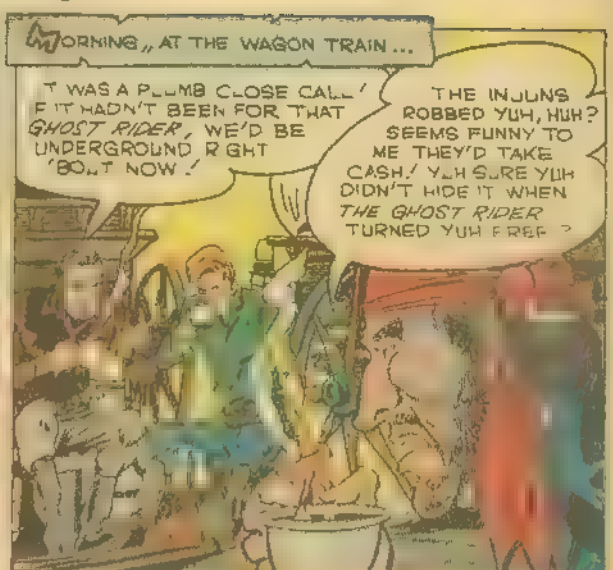
YEAH... I KNOW... GULP

AIAAA!
AIIAAAA!

KIA!
KIA!







TIM HOLT



HE WHO RIDES THE WIND!

FLEE!
FLEE!

THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! I'LL SALIVATE HIM WITH LEAD!



AND THEN - BEFORE JEPH PROTHERO'S BULGING EYES AND SWEATING FACE - THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN FADES FROM SIGHT EXCEPT FOR

YAAABOOO!!!

HE'S GONE AN' LOST - HIS BODY!

HAND SHAKING CRAZILY, PROTHERO PUMPS LEAD MADLY - AND WILDLY!

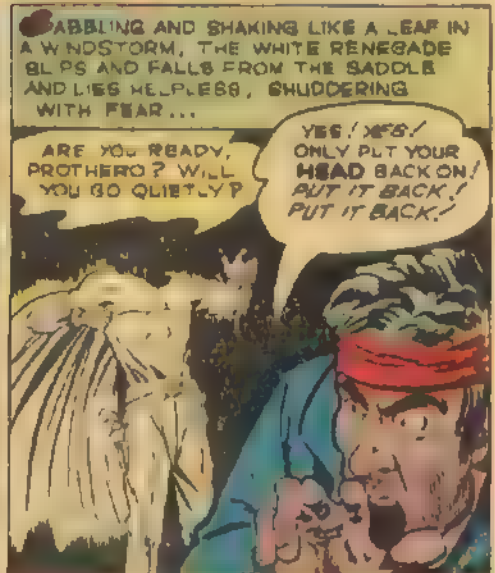


FLIPPING OVER THE BLACK LINING OF MY CLOAK CAN GIVE SOME PRETTY WEIRD EFFECTS! NOW I'LL USE IT ANOTHER WAY...!



NO!
LAND O' GOSHEN!
GO AWAY!

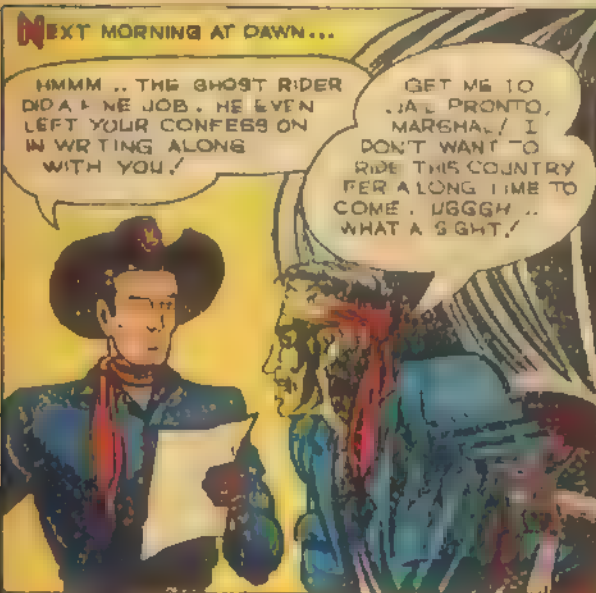
I AM YOUR DOOM, JEPH PROTHERO! COME WITH ME!



SABBLING AND SHAKING LIKE A LEAF IN A WINDSTORM, THE WHITE RENEGADE BLIPS AND FALLS FROM THE SADDLE AND LIES HELPLESS, SHUDDERING WITH FEAR...

ARE YOU READY, PROTHERO? WILL YOU GO QUIETLY?

YES! YES!
ONLY PUT YOUR HEAD BACK ON!
PUT IT BACK!
PUT IT BACK!



NEXT MORNING AT DAWN...

HMMM... THE GHOST RIDER DID A FINE JOB. HE EVEN LEFT YOUR CONFESSION ON IN WRITING ALONG WITH YOU!

GET ME TO JAIL PRONTO, MARSHAL! I DON'T WANT TO RIDE THIS COUNTRY FER A LONG TIME TO COME. UGGGH... WHAT A SIGHT!



THEIR CASH HAS BEEN RETURNED. THE INDIANS HAVE FLED. I THINK THE SANTA FE TRAIL WILL BE PLENTY SAFE FOR TRAVELLERS FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.

IT SURE WILL, BUT LET'S DIG DIRT! IT'S GETTING LATE... AN THAT GHOST RIDER MIGHT TAKE A NOTION TO COME BACK!

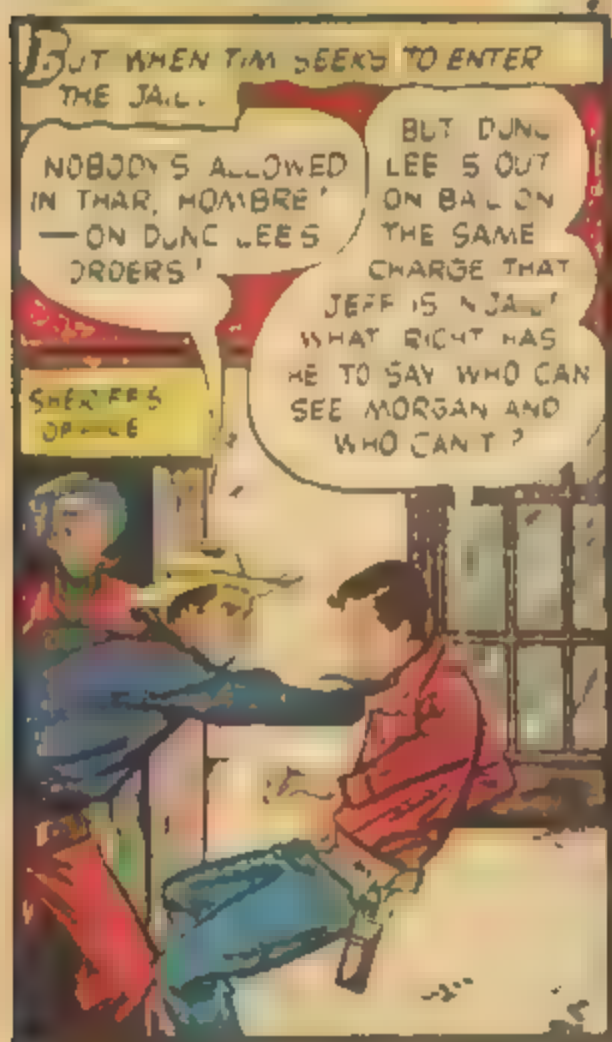
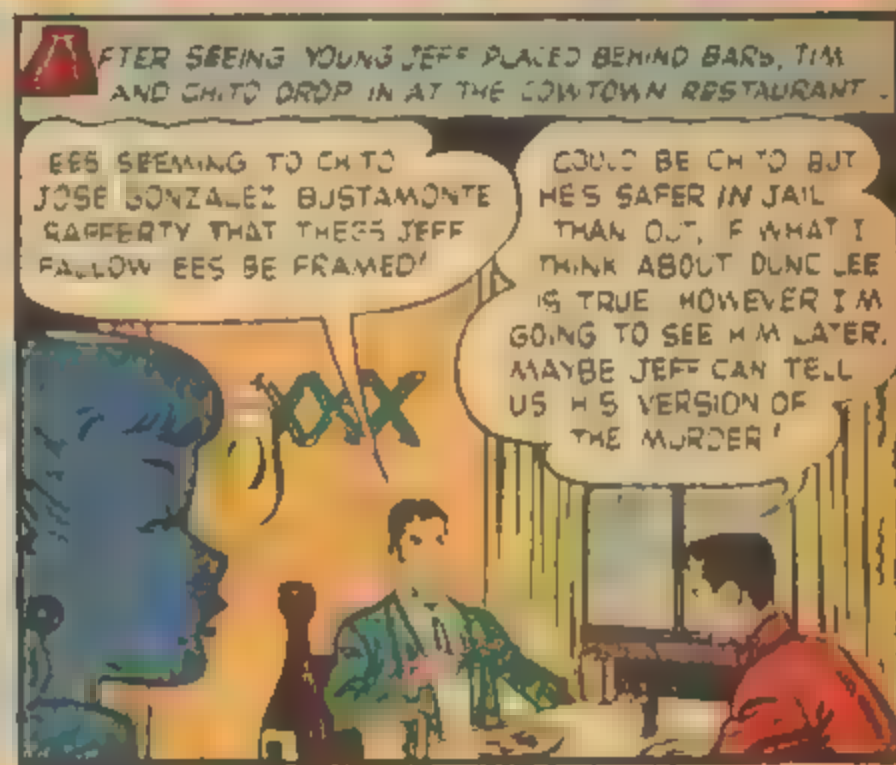
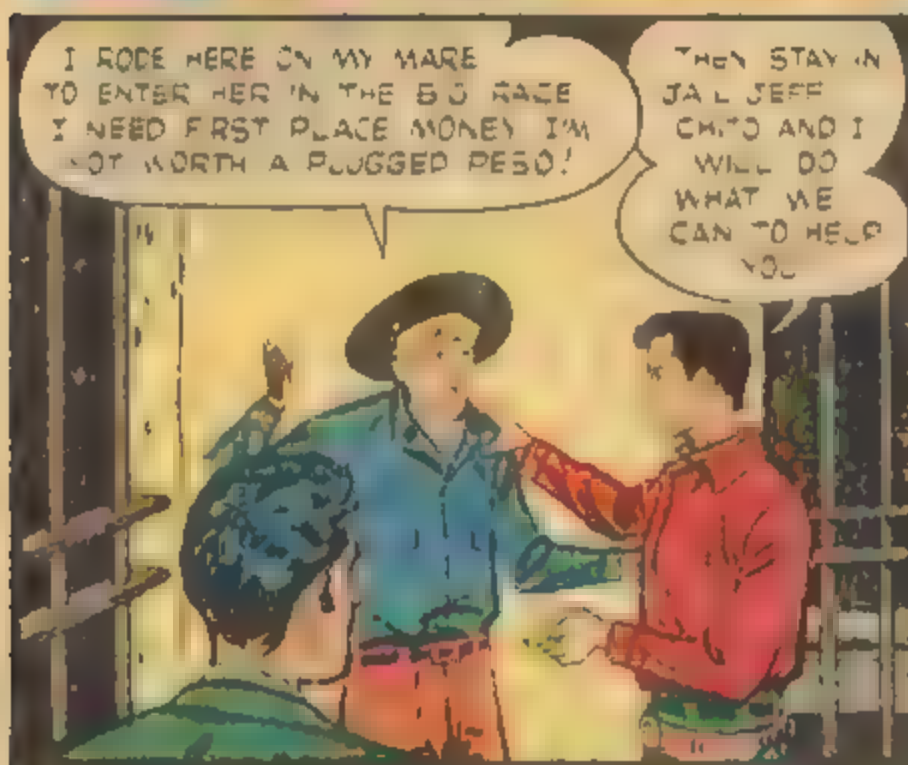
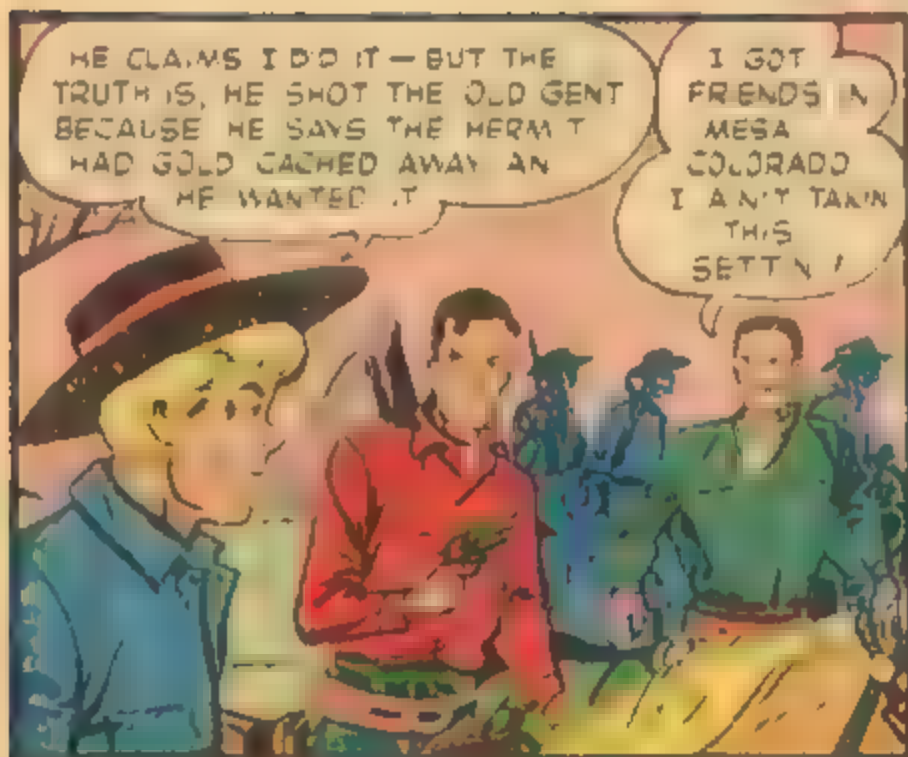
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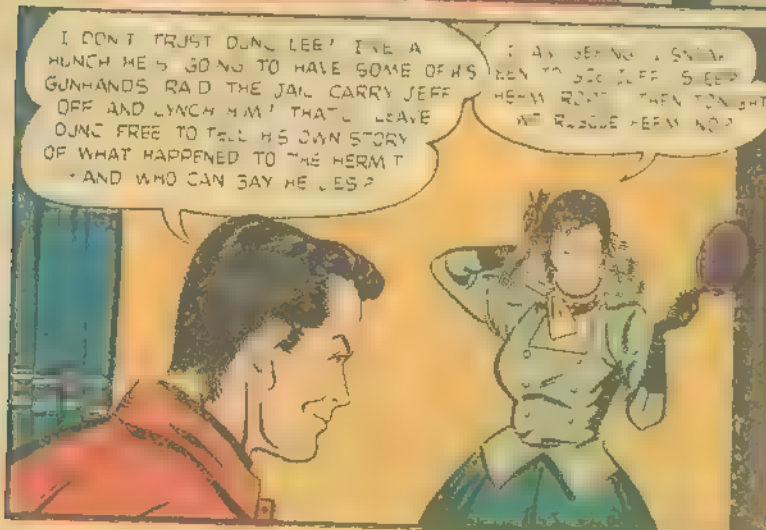
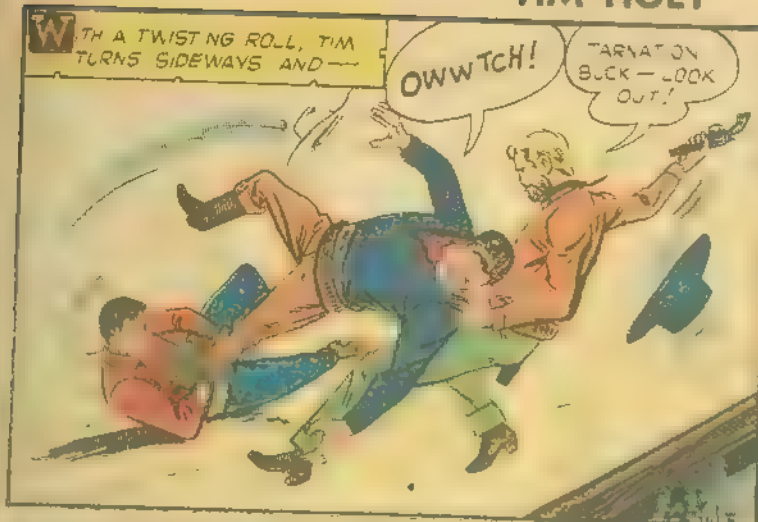
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

THAT NIGHT - IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE JAIL...

THERE'S THE ROPE NOW, CHITO. GRAB IT!

SI!

WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! I SAW DUNC LEE HARANGUING SOME OF THE SALOON HANGERS-ON! HE'LL HAVE THEM WORKED UP WITH WORDS AND WHISKEY IN SHORT ORDER.

MOVE, PONY! DIG DIRT!

DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF MESA COLORADO, DUNC LEE FACES A WHISKEY-MADDENED MOB. HIS WORDS ARE INFLAMMATORY! A ROPE APPEARS. A MAN SHOUTS SAVAGELY...

WE'LL SAVE GOOD OL' DUNC FROM THIS KILLER!

GET HIM OUTTA THAT JAIL! WE GOT HANGMAN'S ROPES FOR SUCH AS HIM!

COME ON! WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FER?

IN FRONT OF THE JAIL...

HERE THEY COME! DUNC SURE GOT 'EM RILED UP

LET'S YAMMOOSE! I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES OF STOPPIN' ANY LEAD!

JAIL

TIM! CHITO! THEY'RE HERE! WHY WON'T THESE BARS GIVE? WHY WON'T THEY?

THERE HE IS!

GRAB HIM!

STRING 'EM UP!

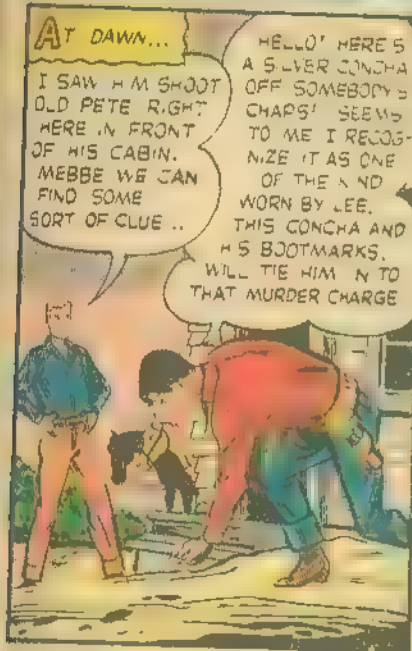
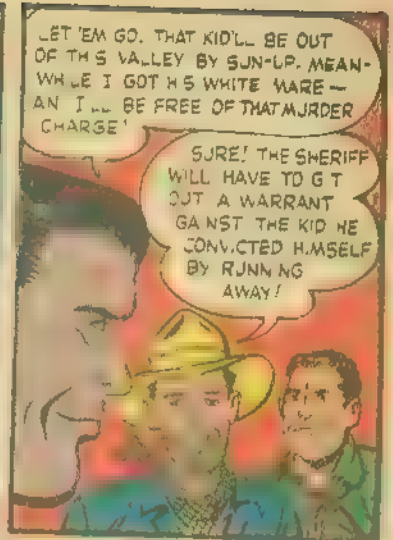
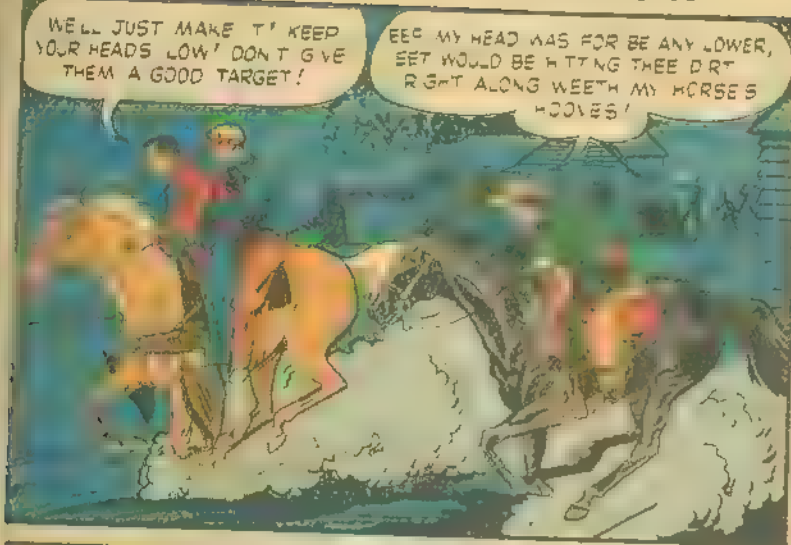
THERE THEY GO! JUMP JEFF - JUMP!

I'M COMIN'!

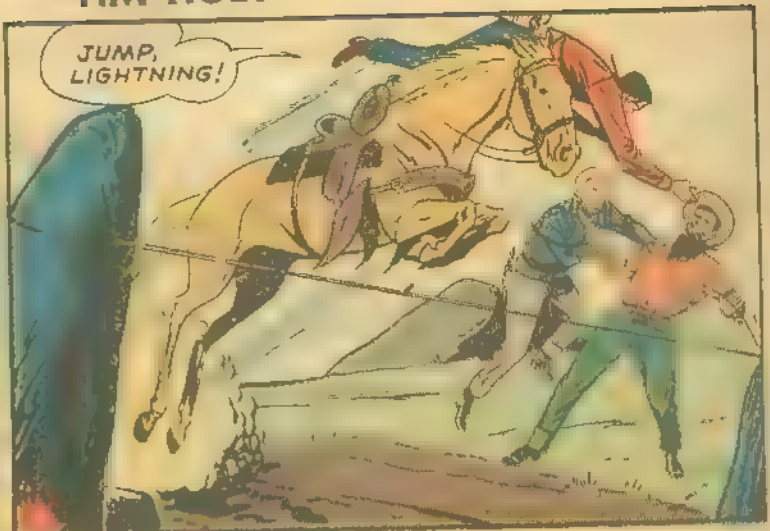
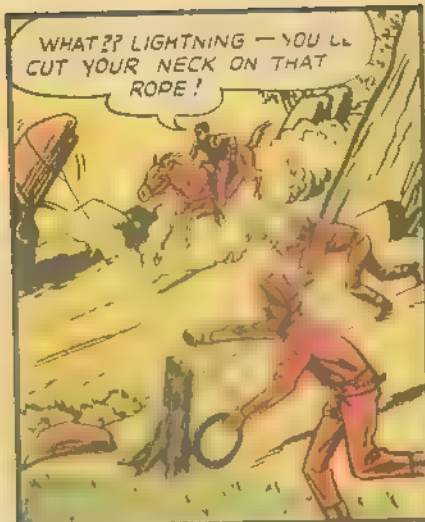
NO TIME TO MOUNT THE HORSE WE GOT FOR YOU. CLIMB ABOARD! THOSE KOMBRES WILL BE SHOOTING IN ANOTHER MINUTE

I WISH I HAD MY WHITE MARE!

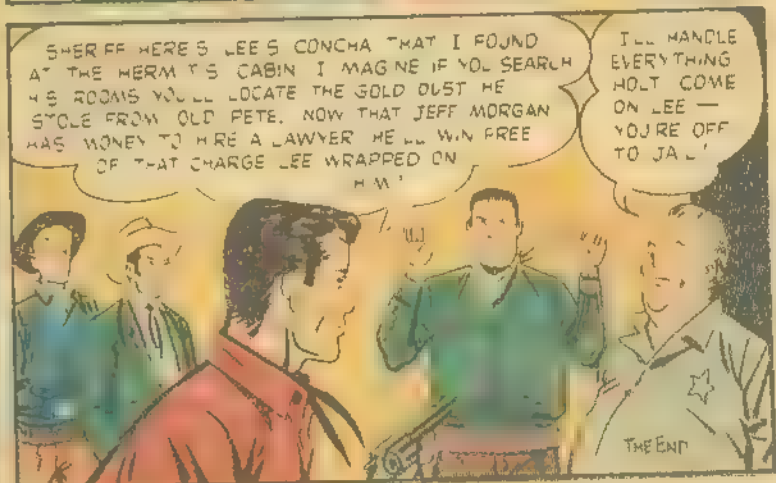
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



FINALLY TIM LASHES OUT ONCE... TWICE



TIM HOLT

WHITE MAN'S MAGIC

CORPORAL Chris Hecker toed his black gelding past the red sandstone outcropping and reined in. Far above him, dark against the blue bowl of sky, a rising pennon of smoke from an Apache fire broke and dissipated under the tongue of a breeze. Hecker scowled and shifted restlessly in the service saddle. He knew they had seen him. He knew they would be drumming heels in their horses' sides to overtake him. What worried him was—could his tired horse outstrip their fresh ponies?

He had ridden hard and fast from Fort Cobb, swimming the Washita and picking his way through the lower foothills of the Wichita Mountains, carrying orders to the commanding officer directing a new attack on the renegade Apaches who were out under Mangas. If those orders failed to get through, it would mean a summer of raiding and massacre by the Apaches on the ranches of west Texas! Corporal Hecker tightened his lips until the tan of his face showed white. He knew what Apache raiding meant. He had seen charred timbers and the bodies lying in them.

With a muffled imprecation, he swung the hammerhead gelding around and sent him at a loping run down the shallow side of an arroyo. He thought of the men who had followed the guidons with him for the past five years: men like Hank Elkton and gruff Bill Standish. He had a thick reading glass for Bill in his gutta-percha cartridge case, and a new revolver for Hank tucked away in his saddle-roll. He wanted to get that glass and gun to his old friends.

The corporal grunted, "Who'm I trying to kid?" he asked himself, "All I'm really interested in is saving my own skin!"

But deep down in his heart, he was aware that more than the loss of his own life troubled him. He remembered those burned ranches, and those inert bodies riddled with war arrows, and he shuddered even in the hot sunlight.

The hammerhead was across the far bank now, and moving along a wide stretch of

sotol-packed flat, and Hecker rode with the straight-packed sway of the cavalryman, knees gripping the sides of his mount. Once he turned in the saddle to scan the wasteland behind him.

He was moving through a formation of volcanic rock that caught the hot sunlight and reflected it in shimmering waves of distorted heat. A thin trickle of sweat darkened the back of his blue shirt. His hair, under the black campaign hat, was moist. Faintly, borne on the slow breeze that came up from the flats, he caught the ululating notes of the Apache war cry.

He twisted around, resting momentarily in the stirrups. He could see them—six faint brownish dots on moving colors that were their pinto ponies. Hecker grinned mirthlessly. Six to one. He shrugged. It could have been worse.

For the first time since leaving Fort Cobb, the corporal rammed in his spurs. The gelding lurched forward, seizing the bit. He ran with the smooth power of a well-trained saddler, his rider's stiff figure moving easily to his gait.

But they gained swiftly on him. The gelding could not take the rocky *malpais* as the pintos did the flat stretch behind him. And once those red devils moved into the rocks with him—

Corporal Hecker had served five years on this frontier. He knew that the Apache was as much at home in the red sandstone tongues and tufa formations as a rattler. But the rattler gave warning. An Apache would creep on top of you silently, with no hint of his coming. And by that time it would be too late.

The Apaches began shooting from a distance of five hundred yards. The carbine bullets went wide, but their screaming *pit-ping* as they ricocheted off a rock tongue sent a cold chill down his spine.

He was guiding the gelding over a rough section of shale at the rim of a canyon side when a bullet caught the gelding and sent it pitching sideways over the edge of the cliff. Hecker jerked his feet free of the stirrups

TIM HOLT

and lurched wildly at the reddish bluff. His fingers caught on a curved stone and clung.

Panting, sweating, he pulled himself upward. When he was on firm ground he turned and stared below. "My carbine . . . my ammunition . . . everything down below!" He had five shells in the service revolver at his hip, and a cartridge case he had emptied in order to put Bill's reading glass inside it.

"Six Apaches—five bullets!" he groaned.

The corporal scrambled up the face of the ledge, hunting cover. The fear was slamming his heart against his ribcase. "What kind of a chance is that?" he asked himself as his fingers found holds, and his toes dug into shadowed niches. "One white man against six Apaches—in these rocks!"

Only the fierce instinct of self-preservation made him belly down in the dirt sink he found on the red sandstone bluff. He looked down.

The Apaches were nowhere to be seen, but their ponies stood a hundred feet below, their tails switching flies. Hecker rubbed his palm against his yellow-striped cavalry pants, and then put it on the curving grip of his gun. He drew the Colt and held it balanced in his hand.

An arrow, dipped in pitch and set afire, rose high above the rocks. He rolled aside as it dug into the soft earth. The flame went out. Hecker groaned. If he could only relight that arrow . . . hurl it back . . . hit one . . . force him to betray his position!

Hecker froze. Desperately he clawed at his gutta-percha cartridge box where he had put the thick reading glass for Bill Stander. He held the glass above the arrow, watched the beams of sunlight focus into one brilliant dot of whiteness. The pitch smoked, burst into flame. Hecker threw the arrow, carefully gauging its flight. It dropped into some sundried grama grass where it lay, smouldering.

Now other arrows sped through the air, bright with flame. One by one he relighted them, hurled them back. The Indians were calling to one another in guttural tones, shouting their amazement at this white man who could set fire to something without match or light.

Hecker chuckled. He'd show them something more in another minute or two!

But the Apaches were losing patience in this game. The white man was proving too elusive! They shouted to each other, urging a quick rush. Hecker heard them, and gripped his revolver tightly.

"HAI-YUA-YUA-AIEEEW!"

The wary froze his blood! They would be charging toward his knoll, now—six red fiends to face the five bullets in his Colt. . .

Hecker lifted from the protection of his rocks. He fired—and missed. And then his ears caught the sudden roar that told of dried

grasses long smouldering, springing into instant flaming life! A sheet of red went up all around the knoll! The Apaches were screaming, trying to run, their moccasins burning and their short jackets sparking and smoking.

One of them fell back into the flames, jacket and moccasins flaring red. Two others turned and ran. Three came right at Hecker where he crouched behind the rocks at the top of his knoll. They made good targets. Hecker did not miss at this short distance.

He threw himself down as the fire rolled above and beyond him. The rocks broke the red flames, though in the tiny natural oven where he lay the heat was awful. But it was gone in seconds. Hecker came to his feet and stared at the black charred desolation. Then he looked down at the reading glass that was still clutched in his left hand. He muttered, "A white man's magic. Huh! Reckon Bill Stander will have to find himself a new reading glass. This is one thing I'm carrying with me from now on! It's going to be part of my regulation filed equipment. Yes, sirree!"

THE END



BEFORE the coming of the Spanish, the Indians of the Plains region had no horses. It was the Spanish horse, brought to America by Coronado, deLeon and others, that ran wild, bred and spread across the thickly grassed southwestern plains, that made the Plains Indian great. Horsemen like the Comanche and the Cheyenne originally used dogs to drag their *Travois* from one village site to another. However, when the pintos and piebalds scattered in large bands across what is now Texas, Colorado and Oklahoma, the Plains Indians were quick to see their possibilities. No longer were they a nation of foot-travellers. Now they made their way on fleet horses.

The Comanches and other tribes evolved an entire art of fighting with the advent of the horse. They raided on horses to steal horses. The horse became a symbol of wealth. A man with a large horse herd was a rich man.

AN ODD FACT about the Indians was that they mounted their horses from the off, or right-hand, side. No white man would ever think of mounting in such fashion. Their saddlers—especially the half-wild bronc of the cowboy—would pitch and buck and sunfish at being treated in such unorthodox fashion. But the Indian mount was used to it. At a distance, such information saved many a lone traveller's life. If he saw distant men mounting from the right, he knew them for Indians, and laid low!

TIM HOLT

WESTERN RANGE BOOK

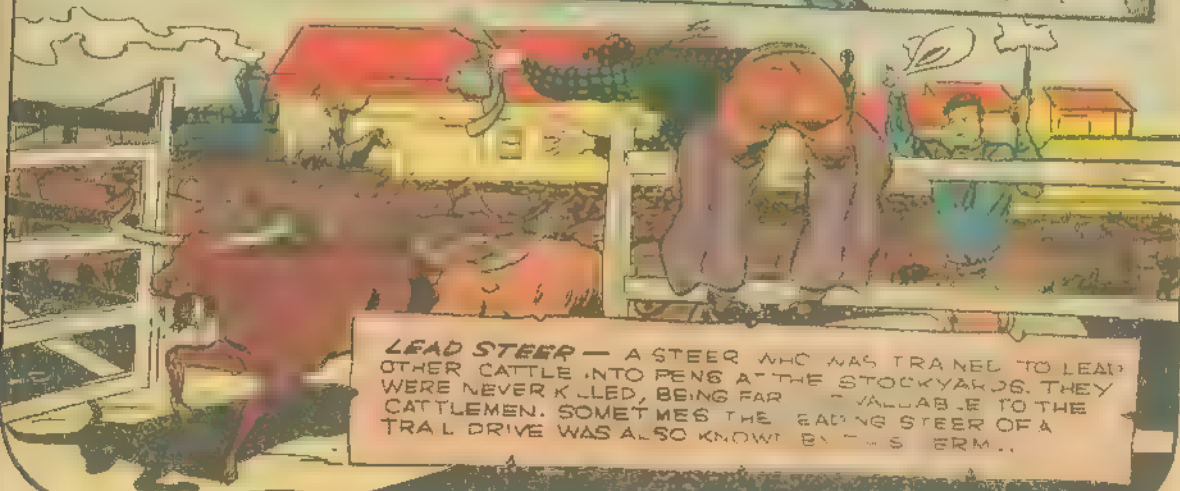


ROPING GRIZZLY BEARS WAS A FEATURE OF EARLY COWBOY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA. WITH RAWHIDE RIATAS ALONE, THE VAQUEROS HUNTED OUT THE GIANT BEAR, AND CAPTURED HIM.

KIDNAPPING WAS A PROFITABLE CRIME TO THE INDIANS. THEY SOON LEARNED THAT A WHITE CHILD OR WOMAN WOULD BRING MUCH RANSOM MONEY AT THE ARMY FORTS, AND WERE QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT. THEY STAGED SUDDEN RAIDS ON RANCH AND WAGON TRAIN, JUST TO CARRY OFF SOME CHILD....



LEAD STEER — A STEER WHO WAS TRAINED TO LEAD OTHER CATTLE INTO PENS AT THE STOCKYARDS. THEY WERE NEVER KILLED, BEING FAR TOO VALUABLE TO THE CATTLEMEN. SOMETIMES THE LEADING STEER OF A TRAIL DRIVE WAS ALSO KNOWN BY THIS TERM..



TIM HOLT

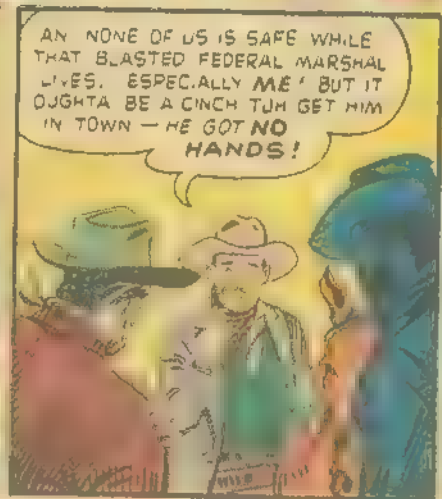
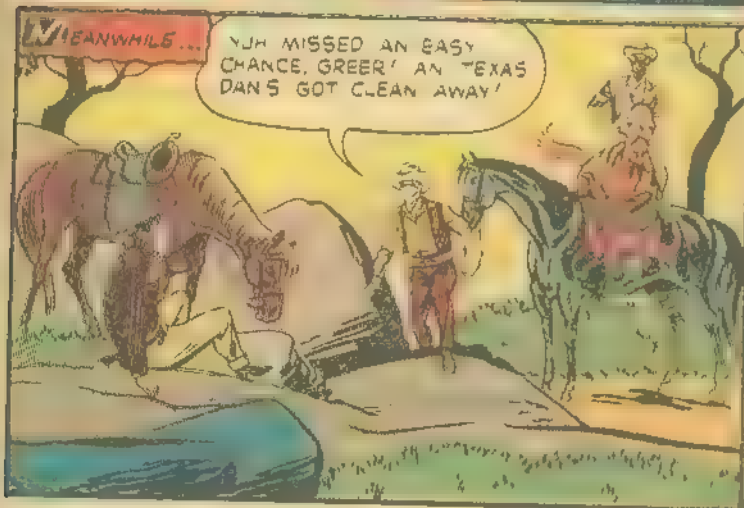
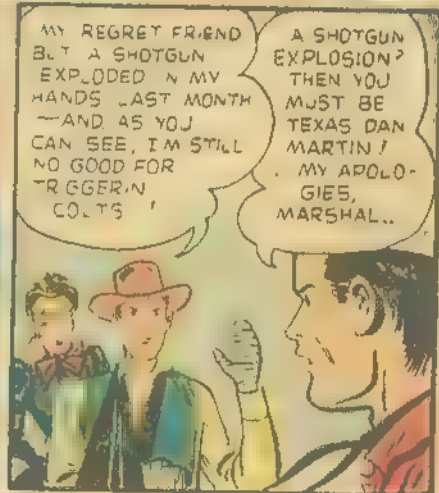
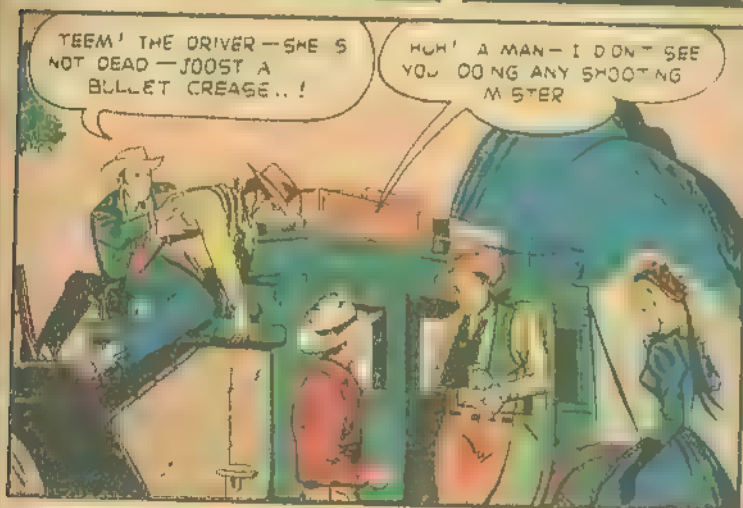
TIM HOLT

▲ RUNAWAY STAGECOACH...A DRIVER SLUMPED IN THE WILDLY CAREENING SEAT...A GIRL SCREAMING IN TERROR...THE WHIPLASH CRACK OF PURSUING RIFLE FIRE—THESE ARE THE TERRIBLE PORTENTS OF A GRIM AND DEADLY DRAMA INTO WHICH TIM HOLT GALLOPS DESPERATELY, A DRAMA THAT BECAME LEGEND AS...

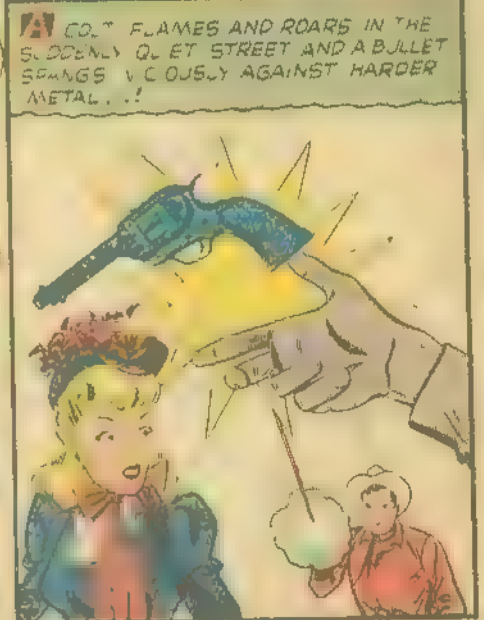
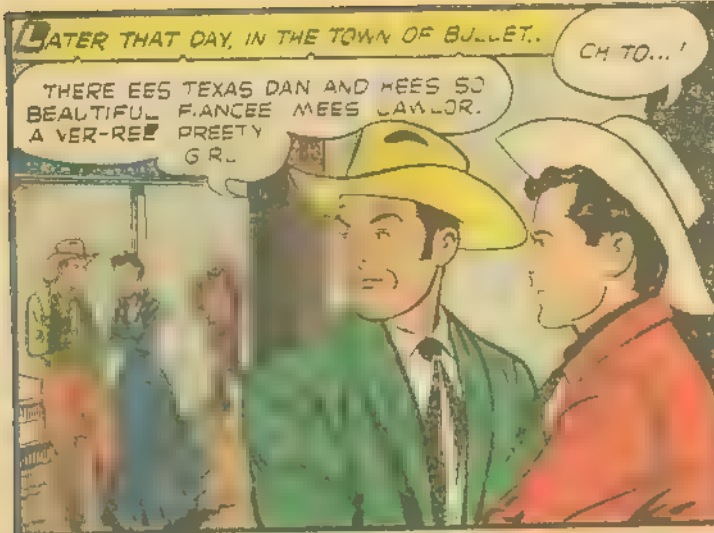
"The Hands of TEXAS DAN!"



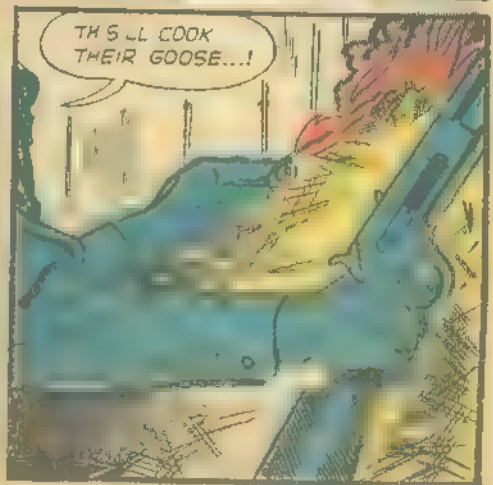
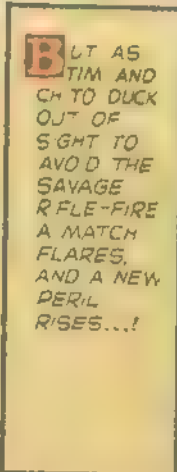
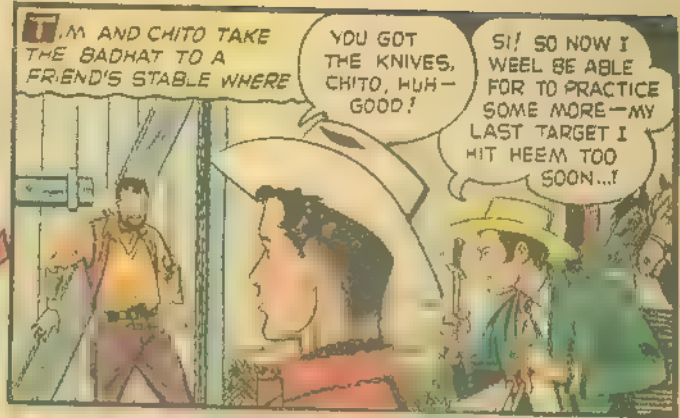
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TIM HOLT

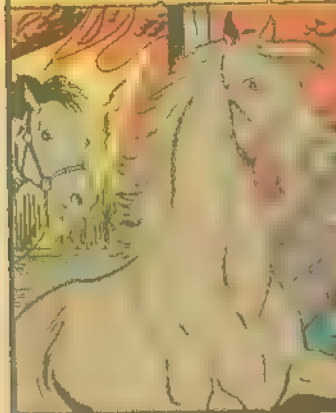


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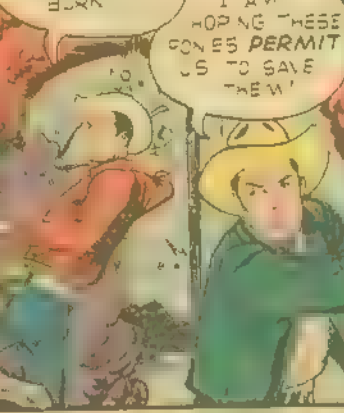


TIM HOLT

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED THE STABLE BECOMES A ROARING FIERN?



WE'LL HAVE TO LET THAT SKUNK GET AWAY - WE CAN'T LET THESE HORSES BURN



I AM HOPING THESE GONES PERMIT US TO SAVE THEM!

I'M GLAD - COUGH - THAT BACK DOOR - WASN'T NEEDED SHUT!



WAT DEEF'RENCE? - COUGH - I WOULD MAKE A DOOR MYSELF! - COUGH -



BEFORE THAT BULLET STOPPED HIM, THAT OUTLAW SAID 'IT'S SNAKE THAT MEAN ANY-THING TO YOU CH TO?'

COULD EET BEING SNAKE JARBY WHO EES OWN THE GOLD STRIKE SALOON?

SNAKE'S RECORD'S CLEAN AS FAR AS I KNOW HE'S BEEN AROUND HERE A LONG TIME - I CAN'T WONE WHEN HE COULD HAVE BEEN A FULL OF TEXAS OAK. BUT I'LL CHECK WITH THE MARSHAL

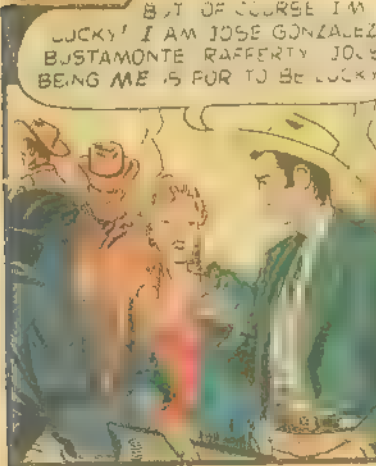


AN I WEE GO GO PLAY ROULETTE BEEN THE GOLD STRIKE SALOON..

A MINUTE LATER WHEN TIM EN EN TEXAS OAKS FROM HE DEEP SOMETHING THAT WENT HIS EYES AND



SOME FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER WARDS IN THE GOLDEN STRIKE SALOON

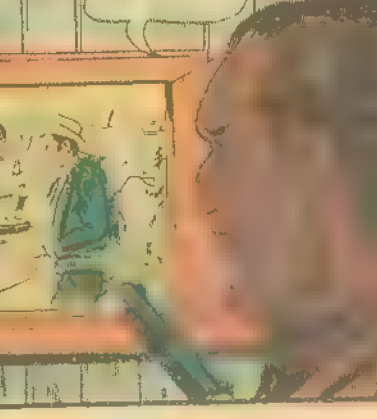


BUT OF COURSE I'M LUCKY! I AM JOSE GONZALEZ BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY JO'S BEING ME IS FOR TO BE LUCKY!

YED! THAT'S THE RANNEY WHAT A NED ME THIS MORNIN'



AND HE'S THE KNIFE-THROWER THAT FORCED ME TO KNOCK OFF ROCKY A LITTLE WHILE AGO. I THINK WE BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM



TIM HOLT



ROCKY WAS STARTING TO SAY "IT'S SNAKE DARBY'S KID BROTHER WHEN I PLUGGED HIM IN THAT STABLE—I GUESS THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT HOLT'S PARTNER HERE...GO GET BIGGERS AND MEX, AND BRING 'EM TO ME."



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

HOLD IT, FANCY-PANTS! I SEEN YUH PICK UP CHIPS WHUT WEREN'T YORES! EES SOM' MEES-TAKE, SENOR—I DO NOT GO FOR TO STEAL.



YOU CALLIN' ME A LIAR—?

HEY! SENOR! DON' BE CRAZEE...!



CHITO EASILY SLIPS UNDER THE CLUMSY PUNCH, AND, AS THE BULLY TURNS TO ATTACK AGAIN...

I TEENK I CASH IN THE CHEEPS...!



WATCH IT, CHITO—!



WHAT'S THE IDEA-STARTING TROUBLE IN HERE...?

NO TROUBLE FOR YOU, SNAKE-BUT PLENTY FOR YOUR BROTHER, BILL...IF HE WEREN'T A SNEAKING, SKULKING YELLOW COWARD WHO'S AFRAID TO SHOW HIS FACE...!



NOBODY'S GONNA SAY THAT ABOUT ME—AND LIVE!

TIM HOLT



HOLD IT!

WHAT—?



YOU BAITED HIM OUT REAL CUTE, TIM! NOW, COVER THE ROOM, PARTNER—WHILE I ARREST BILL DARBY FOR MURDER AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY...!



WELL, WELL! DAN NO-HANDS! HA, HA, HA!...NOW WE'LL TAKE AWAY HIS BLOOD TOO...!

BLAMMM!

HEN, SWIFTLY AS A STRIKING ADDER, A BANDAGED HAND LEAPS FROM A FUNERAL-BLACK SLING—A BANDAGED HAND WITH A GUN IN IT...!



I'D HAVE HAD YOU A MONTH AGO, IF THAT SHOTGUN HADN'T EXPLODED...!

YOU—ARRRGHHH!

BLAMM! BLAMM!



DARBY KNEW I WAS HOT ON HIS TRAIL—THAT'S WHAT MADE HIM SO KEEN ON DRYGULCHING ME. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE WON'T STAND TRIAL AFTER ALL...ON EARTH, THAT IS...



I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU BOYS DID FOR ME, TIM...AND I WON'T FORGET HOW SURPRISED YOU LOOKED WHEN YOU WALKED INTO MY ROOM AND SAW ME PRACTICING HOLDING AND THUMBING MY GUN! HA HA HA HA!

ONE THING THOUGH, DAN, I WASN'T AS SURPRISED AS BILL DARBY WAS...!

THE END

A PAIR of "sixes" call the hand! The smooth-looking gambler with the fancy vest stares into the business end of Tim's menacing gun and knows the chips are down and the game up. And there's no joker in Tim's deck!



PUZZLE picture! Tim didn't tell us the story, so we don't know just what is going on here! Can you work it out? Chito has a gun; so, why is he taking Tim's? And who is the man behind them? And what do they watch?



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IN 2 WEEKS

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Think Of
The Fun
You'll Have



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WHERE TO PUT
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NAME _____
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I WONDER HOW MARY LEARNED TO PLAY THE GUITAR SO WELL. A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO SHE COULDN'T PLAY A NOTE. I THINK I'LL ASK HER.



WHY THERE'S NOTHING TO IT. I JUST SENT FOR BOB WEST'S STREAMLINED GUITAR COURSE AND LEARNED RIGHT AWAY.



A FEW DAYS LATER

LOOK, PEGGY, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HOLD MY FINGERS LIKE IT SHOWS HERE IN THE PICTURES... AND I'M PLAYING!



JUST THINK, PEGGY, A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS A "WALLFLOWER." NOW LOOK AT HOW POPULAR I AM SINCE I LEARNED TO PLAY THE GUITAR.



YES, AND EVEN A TEN YEAR OLD CHILD CAN FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE "PICTURE METHOD!"

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